

AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS  
OF  
THE LITTLE MAN  
AND THE  
LITTLE MAID:  
WITH  
SOME INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THEIR LIVES.

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ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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A NEW EDITION.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK  
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LOS ANGELES

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There was a little man,  
And he wooed a little maid,  
And he said, " Little maid,  
Will you wed, wed, wed ?  
I have little more to say  
Than will you, aye or nay ?  
For the least said  
Is soonest amended, ded."

The little maid replied,

“ Should I be your little bride,

Pray what shall we have

For to eat, eat, eat ?

Will the flame you're only rich in

Light a fire in the kitchen,

Or the little god of love

Turn the spit, spit, spit ?”







The little man replied,

And some say a little cried,

For his little heart was big

With sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,

“ My offers are but small,

But you have my little all,

And what we have not got

We must borrow, borrow, borrow.”

The little man thus spoke,

His heart was almost broke,

And all for the sake

Of her charms, charms, charms ;

The little maid relents,

And, softened, she consents

The little man to take

To her arms, arms, arms.









The little maid's consent  
Obtained, to church they went,  
Where the parson joined their hands  
    With pleasure, pleasure, pleasure.  
With rapture now he eyed  
His blooming little bride,  
His all ! his house and lands !  
His treasure, treasure, treasure !

They passed their days and nights

In pleasure and delights

In feasting, mirth, and play,

And dancing, dancing, dancing:

The little maid, they say,

Tripped merrily away,

With her little man so gay,

Lightly prancing, prancing, prancing.











The honey-moon soon over,

No more a flaming lover,

The little man repents

Of his folly, folly, folly ;

His little cash had fled,

While he droops his pensive head,

And in sighs his sorrow vents,

A prey to melancholy,

The little maid grew bold,  
She would rant and she would scold,  
And call her little man

A great oaf, oaf, oaf.

He wished the deuce would take her :  
While the butcher or the baker  
Would not trust him for a chop,  
Or a loaf, loaf, loaf.











The little man reflected,  
His little means neglected,  
Would serve but to increase

His sorrow, sorrow, sorrow ;

To his little wife he cried,  
“ Let us lay our feuds aside,  
And endeavour to provide

For to-morrow, morrow, morrow.”

His little wife repented,  
To his wishes she consented,  
And said she could work

With her needle, needle, needle.

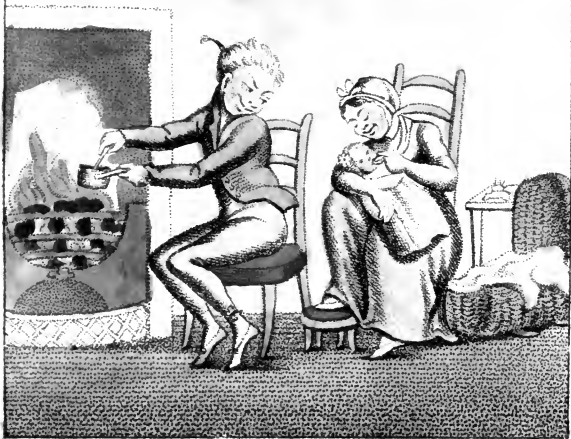
The little man was not idle,  
He played upon the fiddle,  
And he earned a good living

With his tweedle, tweedle, tweedle.











To the little man's great joy,

He soon had a little boy,

Which made his little heart

Quite glad, glad, glad.

'Twas the little mother's pleasure

To nurse her little treasure,

Which rapture did impart

To his dad, dad, dad.

Now every thing was smiling,

There was no more reviling,

While chearful plenty crowned

Their labours, labours, labours.

The little man with joy,

Would take his little boy,

And shew him all around

To his neighbours, neighbours, neighbours.







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